THE

HISTORY

OF

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JENNY SPINNER,

THE

HERTFORDSHIRE GHOST.

WRITTEN

By HERSELF.

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BRITISH
27 OC 42
MUSEUM

I stepped very often, to listen whether any body walked in the picture gallery.

Vide page 40.

R Crofts (Jane)

THE

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WRITTEN

BY HERSELF.

"Conscience doth make Cowards of us all."

LONDON:

Printed for the Author; and sold by J. Wheble, No. 18, Warwick-square; and by all the Agents of the County Chronicle, in the neighbouring Counties of Herts, Essex, Kent, Surrey, &c. &c.; likewise by the Booksellers in Town and Country throughout the Kingdom.

1800.

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BRITISH MUSEUM

INTRODUCTION.

My Gentle Readers,

I AM a bachelor about thirty-five years of age; my occupations, those of Pariſh-Clerk and Schoolmaſter. I am well to do in the world; no small scholar (though I say it); of a weak and sickly constitution, but reputed of good courage, fearing neither man nor ghost, and a native and inhabitant of a little village in Hertford-ſhire, which, though neither great nor rich of its kind, has been for centuries well known to many of the Nobility and Gentry of England, by reason of the Manor-

house, which is a grand and ancient building, situated on one of the highest spots of ground in the county.

The first stones of the Mansion were, it is said, laid in the times of the Holy Wars: it has, to be sure, sustained many alterations, pullings-down and buildings-up, since that period; however, there still remain towers with winding stair-cases, battlements, deserted rooms hung with faded tapestry, a square court in the centre; in short, every part spoken of in the history to which this my address is an introduction.—So that the courteous Reader, if he have wit enough to guess the spot, may trace the foosteps of "Jenny Spinner" throughout the whole of her narration. Now you must know the whole side of the building is occupied by a picture-gallery, which is at this present writing entirely filled with grand portraits of the ancestors of the family who have possessed the estate

for

for many centuries) at the upper end of this gallery is a small curiously-carved door, which opens into a room by all believed to be haunted by the apparition of a lady and her spinning-wheel. This poor lady, it is said, put an end to herself in this very apartment, where ſhe was either confined by the cruelty of her parents, or crossed in love by an unfaithful swain; but though nobody has ever in my remembrance ventured to enter this blood-stained chamber after dusk, yet I have heard it confidently said, that any person standing with the door a-jar (in the dead of the night especially), may distinctly hear the whirr and buzz of the spinning-wheel. In former times, indeed, some of the oldest neighbours have told me, the troubled spirit itself has been seen with a ghostly countenance and a bloody ring round her throat. In the course of the laſt twelve months, I had opportunities of making the above-

mentioned experiment, almost every hour of the night; and I solemnly declare, I never saw or heard aught, save and except the wind sometimes whistling along the empty chambers which lie beyond: for this my opinion, I have often been called a profane infidel, and cried shame upon, for not believing what my grandfathers and grandmothers did before me; and have been told my learning might have taught me better: indeed, I disobliged many persons so much, that if there had been another man in the parish capable of taking my place, I believe they would have tried hard to get me turned out. However, the good gentleman our Parson took my part, and his good lady too, who exhorted me not to talk too much against ghosts, but bid me remember, "Discretion was the better part of valour;" so I held my tongue amongst the old women, though I secretly laughed at their ignorance. Providence

vidence (no doubt to reward my perseverance in the truth) has however been so kind, as to throw in my way the means of clearing up my own character and the minds of my neighbours at once; and, by God's blessing, brought my name into print.

I had an old great aunt who lived on the borders of Finchley-common: during her last illness, which happened about five months ago, she sent for me to come to her. Amongst other directions before her dissolution, she desired me to go and clear out a little loft at the top of the house, which had, she said, been a sort of store-room to our family for many years. Amongst other things I found a small leather trunk, much discoloured but not worn, of a very clumsy and old-fashioned make and shape, and without key or direction. I I immediately brought it down; and the only account she could give me of it was—

that

that her father had often told her his uncle found it, when a little boy, in some bushes just beyond the common, close to the high road; he brought it home, and never had any inquiries made after it, though they had sometimes thought it might have been lost by a gentleman's servant who was known to have passed that way, and who, being intoxicated, had alighted and taken a nap on the grass; but when he awoke, finding his horse gone, was so frightened at the thoughts of his master's anger, that he immediately listed for a soldier, and joined a party of recruits, who, with a serjeant, were passing by. With my aunt's consent, being rather curious, I lost no time to come at the contents: when opened, and the covering removed, there appeared, first, a lady's pocket of fine fustian, curiously wrought in coloured silks; next, a sampler, the border of which was worked with a representation

of

of Adam and Eve in Paradise, all in cross-stich; Adam in a full-bottomed wig and purple suit, Eve in a hoop petticoat and a high top-knot, very naturally done, surrounded by animals of all kinds, from the elephant down to the squirrel. There was, besides, a prayer-book, a netted purse containing several little silver coins, a silver stay-hook, a garnet necklace, and a fan of feathers; last, not least valuable, was a manuscript tied about with red tape, accompanied by a letter superscribed to "Mistress Dorothy Hungerford, Sir Walter Hungerford's, Clerkenwell." I opened it; but what was my great suprise to see it dated K—— parish, Herts, the very place of my own residence in that county! The letter I shall give *verbatim* (except some little improvements in the spelling).—It is as follows:

"*Dear Mistress Dorothy*,

"I have sent your needlework and other "things which you left here; and you "shall

" shall find I have not been idle since your
" departure, for I have begun and ended
" the whole brief account of my adventures
" in this house in my youth, whereof I
" have, you know, often privately dis-
" coursed with you. I have endeavoured
" all throughout my story to write just as I
" spoke and thought then, when I was a
" simple country girl. I beg of all, love,
" you will though keep the story a secret,
" until all concerned in it are dead and gone.
" I am sure, after reading it, you will no
" longer be afraid of the ghost of *Jenny*
" *Spinner*; I rather hope you will desire to
" meet it, whenever you come to K——.
" I send this by Benjamin, on one of his
" master's best horses, that he may reach
" you with all speed, fearing you may want
" your fine garnet necklace, as you are to
" dine with Sir Roger to-morrow; but as
" you know Benjamin is a sottish fellow, I
" beg of all kindness you will order that he

" sleep

" ſleep all night at your house, and depart
" before breakfast to-morrow, that he may
" have his head clear. So, begging you
" take this confidence I put in you a great
" proof of my friendship, and praying all
" the Saints and Angels to have you in
" their good keeping, I rest yours till
" death. J. C."

How great was my satisfaction to see the manuscript headed with these words, " The History of Jenny Spinner, the Ghost of K—— Park." Now, my Readers must know that is the name given to the apparition supposed to haunt the apartment I mentioned in our great house. Suffice it to say, I determined to print the story; and to this I was encouraged by having heard the servants there say, that ladies are all mad for ghosts now-a-days: however, I beg to say, that I can myself perceive there are not so many long words, or such fine writing in Mistress Jenny's story, as I have

seen

seen in the books at the circulating library at Hitchin; but I hope this will be no hindrance to its being read; and I hope, likewise, those who read will recommend it to their friends, seeing that printing is a very expensive thing: but as I was very eager to have some of my own writing in print, I did not stick at a trifle. I shall not trouble my readers any farther; except to mention, that when I first thought of making a book, I humbly disclosed my intention, and submitted the papers to a gentleman of fortune and noted sense, a very good friend of mine, and who has in his possession several of the family-pictures, which were willed away to him by the ate lady. He was so good a few days after to send me a letter, which I shall transcribe at the end of this. I now beg to take my leave, only adding that any person who can prove themselves nearest kin and descendant of the above-mentioned Mrs. Dorothy

Dorothy Hungerford, ſhall, upon making proper application, be put in poſſeſſion of the ſampler, the ſtitched pocket, ſilver ſtay-hook, and garnet necklace, box and letter, &c.; for I am proud to ſay, I am not a whit leſs honeſt than my anceſtors, who for ſo many years forbore touching what they could not look upon as their own, though no perſon came to claim it. So I reſt, my gentle Reader's moſt humble and obliged ſervant,

MATTHEW TRING.

October 30, 1800.

COPY OF ABOVE-MENTIONED LETTER.

" *Honeſt Matthew,*

" I would by all means have you purſue " your deſign of publiſhing the very curious " manuſcript which has fallen into your " hands. I think it very happy to have " come under the notice of ſo judicious " and liberal a minded man as yourſelf: " and do not be faint-hearted or too modeſt,

" for they are faults much out of fashion
" with authors now-a-days. You will
" send me twelve copies of your work
" as soon as it is printed. I can, I think,
" furnish you with an article of informa-
" tion, which will be very interesting to
" your readers, concerning Mrs. Jane and
" Mr. Antony Crofts, having every reason
" to believe I am in possession of their
" respective portraits; and, if so, you
" may inform the world, the lady was a
" lively brunette, with an arch smile, and a
" pair of dark eyes, an intelligent coun-
" tenance, and slender shape; that Mr. An-
" tony had a fine open forehead, a
" serene and steady brow, handsome fea-
" tures, and in air and figure seems
" perfectly to answer his Lady's description
" of him, namely, that he was a GENTLE-
" MAN of Nature's own making.

" With good wiſhes for your success in
" the *Author line*, I am, honest Matthew,
" your friend to command." K. B.

THE

HISTORY

OF

JENNY SPINNER.

THE day I well remember on which I first came to K—— Park. Aunt had sent for me: the waggon brought me about seven in the evening; it was winter, and pitch dark. I had on a linsey-woolsey gown, a straw hat, mother's own best scarlet cardinal, and a brave large pincushion at my side, hung on by a steel chain. I thought myself marvellously fine; for I was but sixteen, and had never been beyond our village. Aunt was a comely woman of her age, tall and stately; ſhe wore a mob and pinners, stiff as buckram, and white as snow: I looked up to her as a very fine Gentlewoman, and trembled

like a leaf when she took me by the hand and led me into her room—(She was, you know, the housekeeper, and had lived in the family ever since Sir Rowland came of age, at which time she married Mr. Abram Fitton, the butler, and settled in the Great House). Aunt turned me round and round, and said I was a likely girl enough, but tossed up her nose at my country trappings; however, as she promised to give me better the next day, I did not so much mind.

After I had had something to eat, she took me into the music-gallery, which looks down upon the banquetting-hall—Good stars! how I was struck all of a heap! if I thought Aunt fine, what did I think now? I looked down upon a grand feast, lighted (I verily believe) with a hundred candles: at the top of the long table sat my Lady, in a green and gold gown, a necklace that shone like stars, and her head built up as high as a buſhel; at the bottom sat Sir Rowland, in a cut velvet suit, and a bushy

wig

wig that spread all over his back. Young Master was at my Lady's right hand, a poor pale-faced looking stripling, to my mind; but every body seemed talking to, and courting him: and to be sure, if scarlet and gold could make a fine gentleman, he was one. Divers and sundry Knights and Ladies of high degree were of the company; but amongst them all, none took my fancy so much as a smart youth in Sir Rowland's livery, who stood behind my Lady's chair, and skipped about the hall so cleverly, that I thought the Gentlemen looked all like fools by him: his eyes were as black as sloes, and his chesnut hair curled in corkscrews all over his white forehead. I found he was my Lady's own footman, and that his name was Anthony Crofts. Nobody saw me as I peeped through the bannisters, for the place was full of musicians. That evening was one of the happiest of my life. My

uncle Abram the butler, and Master Gorges the bailiff, and Mrs. Abigail my Lady's confidante, and some more, were in Aunt's room, and made a merry supper of the relics. In the midst was heard a gentle tap at the door; and who ſhould it be but Anthony? he came in, making a bow like any lord—"Mrs. Fitton," said he, "I have brought you such a trimming cup of ſack posset, which has only been once lifted to the lips of a fair lady; I thought it was a pity such good stuff should be wasted amongst the men, so I have brought it to you." "That's a good lad," said she, and called him back as he was going away, saying, "Come, you may stay and wait upon us." Back slipped Anthony as blithe as a bird, and did not forget to take more than one opportunity of giving me a sly glance, which seemed, I thought, to say, "I much admire you, pretty Mistress Jane." To be sure, I heard as much as that said by all

all my Aunt's visitors; however, I did not choose to show I was much pleased, nor indeed should I much have cared for their praises, but that being spoken in the hearing of Anthony, I thought would raise me in his good opinion; and truly I began from that very night, from the very first time I saw him, to desire to please him—in sooth, love is a strange thing! I went to bed as happy as the Queen. Next morning, my Aunt fitted me on a suit of her clothes; and I must own, when I looked in the glass, I thought myself well-looking enough. My Aunt had sent for me on purpose to present me to my Lady; and she knew her humours so well, as to be sure the better I looked the better she would be pleased. So, after I was dressed, having charged me to hold up my head and cast down my eyes, and drop a curtsey at every word, she took me up to her—My stars! how I trembled every limb! it was in the great drawing-

drawing-room I first saw my Lady: she was working tapestry, with her feet upon a blue velvet foot-stool. I did as Aunt bid me, and had the good fortune to please her so well, that she would needs keep me with her that very day. First, she taught me to work tapestry, then she me heard read; and having tried me in the first chapter of St. Matthew, which I knew by heart (though I did not tell her so), she was quite pleased; and told Sir Rowland and the company at dinner, that I read almost as well as the parson. Sir Rowland, the first time he saw me, looked at me very hard, and was always the kindest of masters—good gentleman! (as I called him then). My Lady, finding I could write a little too, said that I should write out her grandmother's receipt-book, which was such a crabbed hand, and such outlandish spelling, that Aunt, though a very good scholar herself, had never been able yet to make out any of the writing.

writing. Fool that I was! I thought all this very fine, and that I was going to Heaven in a string, as the saying is; and whilst I sat at work, began to build the finest castles.—Says I to myself, I shall get quite into favour with my Lady, and in a few years shall be a good match for Anthony; and Aunt growing old, will, I dare say, be glad enough to have me for her deputy. Uncle too, would, I dare say, give up his place to him, as he already is so well to do; but we may marry before then, and we may be left here to take care of the house whilst his Honour and my Lady are in town; and we may coax Aunt to leave us the key of the sweetmeat-closet, and oh, how happy shall we be!—Fool that I was, I never thought of the long dreary winters, writing receipts, and working tapestry, that I must spend, before any of this could come to pass, if it might ever. To be sure, I have often thought how all this could

could come into my head, when at that time I had never exchanged a word with him; and that I ſhould pretend to look forward to our being married: it was very odd—but marriages are made in Heaven, I believe. However, to cut short my story, I very ſoon became quite a favourite with my old Lady; by degrees ſhe gave me clothes quite fit for a gentlewoman, and by degrees ſhe took me entirely from Aunt's room, and made me a cloſe priſoner in hers. For my part, becauſe my chains were gilded, I did not perceive they were chains. Sir Rowland and my young Maſter had been gone out on a viſit for ſome days, whilſt theſe alterations took place; and Anthony was with them, which was one thing that blinded me; for had he been at home, his ſorrowful looks would ſoon have warned me of my danger. I muſt tell you, we had already learned to read each other's eyes. The very day that my Lady had

had a bed put up for me in the little room within Deborah's, the gentlemen came home. I remember, I had on that day a pale pink damask gown, a laced round-eared cap, and a necklace of white beads. I was coming from the garden with my lap full of flowers, to dress my Lady's bow-pot. When I saw Anthony come up the gravel-walk, I flew towards him; he came on, and made a low bow. "Anthony!" cried I; but Anthony looked as cold and as dismal as the old picture at the end of the gallery. It popped into my head that he was jealous; but I was resolved to be beforehand with him—"So," says I, "I am afraid, Mr. Anthony, you have met with a new mistress in your travels, and quite forgotten me!" "Oh, Mistress Jane," he replied, "I wish I could." "I am very much obligated to you indeed—and pray, why?" (returned I). "Because," (said he very earnestly, and with tears

tears in his eyes) " because you are now too much above me, Mistress Jane—you are born to be a lady; you look like one, and you are not for such a poor fellow as I." Down dropped the flowers, and I turned as pale as death; however, I recovered presently, and trying to laugh, told him, he was the most foolish ungrateful fellow in the world. These words almost made him smile again. He then gathered up the flowers, and, as he was putting them into my apron, said he had something to say to me. I told him I had not time then; but that if he would come that night, about half after eight o'clock, under my window, I would hear what it was. So we parted; but no dinner could I eat, or rest get until bed-time, when I went up to my room, and found Anthony punctually waiting under the window. Oh, I shall never forget that conversation! He made me see I was like a bird in a cage. " But," said he, " if

" you

you will but be constant, Jane, all may be well; keep but your word, and nothing can hurt us; but, alas! you must needs meet with many dangers and temptations: however, say your prayers, and keep the men at a distance—there is that Dunlop, that Captain ——." "What! that old figure!" cried I; "Oh, Anthony, you do not know me; I shall never forsake you, and will always look upon you as a true friend." This made him quite leap for joy; he said his heart was as light as a feather, and, in return, he wished he might be carried away by a witch upon a broom-stick if ever he thought of any other. So sweet was our talk, I believe we should have gone on till day-break, if Mrs. Deborah had not come to the door, which had no key; but I had placed a heavy box against it, and a chair, so she could not push it open at first. In an instant I was down from the casement, the casement shut, and myself sitting on the bed

with the candle in my hand, and my Lady's grandmother's receipt-book on my lap open. I would not take a religious book, for I thought it would have been wicked to be pretending to read that; but I thought, for my part, talking with Anthony was quite as improving as spelling out that old crabbed black and yellow writing. Mrs. Deborah was surprised to find me up; however she commended my diligence, and my caution too, in faſtening my door (I could not help laughing to myself). But to cut short my story, for I verily believe I shall never have done; a twelvemonth nearly passed away, during which time I improved in my hand-writing, and learned to spell: my Lady taught me to behave, and had me instructed in dancing. I learnt of my own accord to sing "Barbara Allen" and "Death and the Lady," and many more songs, amongst the rest "Chevy Chace," which I got by heart. Anthony, too, grew every

every day more and more in favour with Aunt and Uncle, indeed with every body; but so cunning was he, not one suspected his love for me, for I was looked upon as likely to be made quite a gentlewoman of. However, poor fellow! he was not without his troubles on my account, or I on my own. This Captain Dunlop was a great, frightful, red-haired Scotchman, as proud and as ugly as Satan; he pretended to have been a great fighter, but I believe in my heart it was only with bottles and glaſſes, for his face was scarred all over, and his nose the colour and shape of a red potatoe. In general he had a savage frown; then, to be sure, he was frightful enough: but when he tried to smile, Oh! then he was ten times more ugly. So this figure, forsooth, who was a sort of a companion to young Maſter, and flatterer to my Lady, took it into his head to have what he called a liking for me. Marry come up! I must be in a hard case indeed to

have such a one as he: for my part, I was ready to hit him a box on the ear whenever he grinned in my face (which he did very often); however, I thought it would not become me.—But the worst is to come. Young Master really and truly I believe was in love with me; and, having more opportunity of seeing me than the other, plagued me for ever with his looks and sighs. At laſt his passion, as he called it, was discovered by Mrs. Deborah, and told to my Lady; and what I underwent is unspeakable. There was my Lady inveterate in thinking I had made use of arts to inveigle the affections of her son; aunt and uncle prognosticating my disgrace and their own; old Dunlop, that worst of traitors, who had been the secret cause of all, insulting me with a grin of triumph; young Master's pale and woe-begone face at every turn in the stairs; and worst of all, Anthony, biting his lips, and ready to burst with the

pain

pain of concealing his sentiments, for we agreed HE must, at any rate, keep HIS ground in the family. As to Sir Rowland, though he appeared not to see any thing of all this, yet he never failed to give me a kind word or look, whenever an opportunity offered; for though he never openly opposed his Lady's will, yet, somehow, he had a secret liking for all those that did.

Well, at laſt, all of a sudden, there was no more ſhrugs, frowns, or scoldings, but a dead calm, and a notable scheme contrived to settle all differences; and what, in the name of wonder, do you think this was? Why, for me to marry that Dunlop—to set my Lady's mind at ease forsooth. "Holy Paul and all the Apoſtles!" quoth I, when my Aunt proposed it to me (for she was the person employed), "what am I to do this for? I who neither wished nor wanted, nor have encouraged any of their nonsense, why am I to bear the punishment of

THEIR faults? My Lady is welcome to marry her son to fifty wives, for what I care, so I am not one; and as for Captain Dunlop, why I had rather be a ſlave in Turkey, than the wife of such a one as he!" "Wicked, wicked creature!" exclaimed my Aunt, "after all my Lady has done for you." "Why, if she had done ten times more, this would be too much to aſk in return." "You are an ungrateful creature, and none of my kin." "Lack-a-day, Aunt, I would be dragged through the pond, or walk barefoot, or sleep in the church-yard all night, to do my Lady or her poſterity any service; but marry that fellow, I wo'nt!" "Fellow!" repeated poor Aunt again, looking full of fear and anger, "and pray what answer am I to carry my Lady?" "Why," said I, "'tis easy enough to make that out from what I have said." Well, after a little more altercation, away went Aunt; and pondering within

within herself the only way to keep her place would be to pretend violent anger to me, when she entered my Lady's presence, she thought proper to fall down in a fit; and when she recovered, related in broken accents my bad behaviour, and my firm refusal. The Captain was there, and looked as wicked as Satan; my Lady ſtormed—old and young Maſter were both gone far away that very day (worse luck for me). Well, my Lady and the Captain were closeted for half an hour; at laſt I received orders to deliver up all my wardrobe, every thing, indeed, my Lady had given me, and to depart that very night for my own home. This seemed such blessed news to me, that I could hardly help jumping for joy when Mrs. Deborah delivered it, adding, "See "what your miſbehaviour has brought you "to." However, I prepared instantly to pack up. After I had done, and was creeping down stairs to say a word or two to the

maids

maids without Mrs. Deborah's knowledge, (for she never would let me have any thing to say to them since I had been her charge, as it were), who should I meet first but Anthony, bolt coming out of my Lady's closet! I caught hold of his sleeve, for he seemed as if going to push by me; and sure enough he shook me off, and burst away as if I had been a viper. Well, I stood a few minutes like a statue, pondering what the lad could mean: I would not think but that he was in sport. I went on into the servants-hall; and poor simple Sally Hawthorn, the dairy-maid, whispered me that Anthony should say, that I should never be a poor man's wife, and that I should now be neither fit for gentle nor simple. Those words were fire in my ears, and a thorn in my heart; however, I would rather have died than have shown what I felt; besides, the maidens did not know that Anthony had ever made any professions to me, so

they

they only thought him ill-natured. Well, I took an affectionate leave of them all.—Mr. Anthony, forsooth, did not make his appearance. Even Aunt and Unle seemed sorry for my misfortunes, though they did not know the worst of them. At eight o'clock in the evening I set off in the cart to meet the waggon, which passed by the bottom of the Park. I could not help shedding a few tears at leaving a house where I had met with so much kindness, and where I had first seen that false-hearted youth; indeed I could not stop my crying: and indeed I believe I never should, but it came into my mind all at once that he had only pretended to like me, because he thought my Lady would portion me, and that now I was turned out of the Great House, HIS avaricious mind was turned too. In a moment my tears dried up, and I felt as if I cared not for Anthony; though I wished, at the same time, that I was in my

hearse

hearse instead of the cart; indeed it went nearly as slow as if it had been one. At last I began to wonder it did not come to the Park gate, so I lifted up the wrapper, and asked the man if he knew his road.—"Yes," was his answer, "better than you, mayhap, Miſtress." Here my mind misgave me; for I had thought it odd before that I was to go by the waggon that travelled in the night-time, rather than the one which went by day: however there was no help, for Tom Wren (for that was the man's name) was as sulky as a pig. Well, we went on for about an hour, up and down, round and round. For my part, I said my prayers, and recommended myself to Heaven. At last, however, we seemed to get upon a better bit of road, and looking up, I saw by the light of the ſtars (for it was a frosty night) two tall figures in black standing beside a great gateway. We drove up, and stopped; the two figures took each an arm,

arm, and throwing a long cloak about me, muffled my face. I was so stupefied with grief and terror, I had not power, hardly will to resist—but I did send forth a low shriek, something like a groan, when I felt my arm griped, as if to tell me to be silent: so I obeyed, for thought I, God is always above Satan, and I will truſt in him. They hurried me along, and presently we began to go up a winding stair-case, and entered two rooms; at last stopped at a third, when one of my conductors bid the other, in a gruff voice, go for orders, and when he returned, to knock three times at the turret door, and he should be let in. I then heard the man go heavily down stairs, the other following him, a door lock, and then the other returned: as soon as he entered the room, he came and took off the cloak, then his own hat, to which was fastened a crape, and at the same time, casting off a long black mantle, he threw himself at

my

my feet. I gazed with asonishment, and screamed with fear and joy—for it was Anthony. I forgot my anger at that moment, but yet looked at him as if stupefied. "My dearest Jenny," said he, "be composed, no harm can happen to you, whilst I am near; and nothing can secure me the power of being your friend, but appearing to be your enemy." "But where am I? Why in this dismal place?" cried I. To all my questions, he answered: "You are come back to the Great House again, you have never been out of the Park—you are in the gallery chamber, which leads to the tapestry apartments. My watchful caution discovered to me, that that old imp Dunlop intended to lie in wait, to seize you in your journey, and carry you away; so I found means to persuade my Lady, it would be a better thing to keep you a prisoner under her own roof, as the young Squire might find you out at home; at the

same

same time it was necessary every body ſhould believe you were gone thither. She means to keep you here till he is married, and to punish you, by depriving you of your liberty." "What have I done, miserable creature that I am, to deserve all this?" cried I.—"Oh! Jenny," said Anthony, "how differently we feel! a prison would be a palace to me, if you were to be my gaoler." "Oh! the goodness of the best man that ever was born, would not make up to me for the loss of my liberty." I could not help saying this saucy thing, for it was no more than he deserved for frightening me ſo; however, I was ſo happy, lightened of ſuch a load, to find his coldness all pretence, that I was ready to cry and laugh at the same time. Well, the signal of three taps being heard, Anthony clapt on his hat and crape, and went to open it, telling me to be sure and look as if we were enemies. Back came the man, puffing and blowing,

and I knew him, by his figure, to be Grimbold the gamekeeper, a savage, sulky fellow; he came, lugging up the narrow staircase a spinning-wheel, and a heap of flax, a pitcher of water, a hunch of bread, an old rug, and some faggots: having set down his fine load—"Here (said he in a disguised voice) is your breakfast—here your daily bread, and the daily task by which you must earn it." Having said this, he turned about to depart; Anthony followed him; but, as he was going away, gave me a look full of compassion, kindness, and promise. I locked the door after them, and heard them bolt it on the outside. I then took up the lamp they had left me, and held it up: I had never been in this room to stay before; it led to a set of chambers never used, and therefore said to be haunted. Though I am not so hardened as to disbelieve in ghosts and apparitions, yet I must own I never heard of any thing

appearing

appearing in these rooms, though lights had, I know, been seen in the windows of the turret that led to them from the great court; and once, a figure as tall as the steeple appeared on the battlements at the top, nay, more, was heard to pull the alarm-bell: so none of the servants would ever go up that tower after dark. The room I was in is hung with tapestry, full of great giants or figures, with the colours so faded, that I am sure they all looked like ghosts: over the chimney-piece are carved figures of some heathen man and woman and dogs, and on each side of the fire-place is a carved figure: there is in the same room a handsome bedstead, with red furniture; and opposite, a great thick purple cloth curtain, which is always drawn, and looks very dismal; for my part, I was afraid to look behind it. I found plenty of oil in the lamp; so I set it in the chimney-corner, in hopes that it would burn all night: and

having said my prayers, laid myself down in my clothes, and shut my eyes directly, repeating to myself all the verses I could think of. I soon fell asleep. Next morning I awoke, not much refreshed, lighted my fire, or my faggot, with the lamp, which still burnt, and breakfasted on bread and water; then I took to my spinning: I spun, and spun, but nobody came. At last the clock struck three—I left off, sat down, and began to grow very melancholy; I dined on the rest of the bread and water, and spun again: I stopped very often, to listen whether any body walked in the picture-gallery, but in vain. At seven o'clock, however, Anthony came, dressed as before, when he saw me pale, cold, and miserable; tears almost came into his eyes: besides faggots and oil for the lamp, he brought concealed under his cloak some cold meat, a manchet, and a bottle of ale. "You must," said he,

he, "my dear Jenny, think strangely of my negligence for not coming before; but I am watched, and was forbade coming earlier: indeed, the least suspicion of my being your friend, would cause me to be removed, and perhaps confined too; for whether it was my Lady's anxiety to have the 'Squire marry, (he having declared, since he has known you, that he will not), or whether it is some hidden cause with which we are not acquainted, I know not; but she seems as much afraid of your being discovered, as if you were a traitor to your country; and as anxious to have your spirit brought down, as if her salvation depended on it. Tom Wren has had a SILVER padlock put on his tongue; and Grimbold and I are to share great rewards, 'tis said. The picture-gallery is locked up, that no one may discover you that way. Sir Rowland has taken the 'Squire away on purpose,

upon your account; for they want him to marry the daughter of my Lady Loftus, who is a great person at Court, and has promised, that when he is her son-in-law she will get him a place there, and have him made a Lord besides." Anthony then ended by desiring me to conceal the bones of the chicken carefully; and said he must go, for fear of being suspected. But first, I begged he would take the flax I had spun—he looked at it mournfully. "I had almost," said he, "forgotten the worst part of my errand, which is to tell you, my cruel old Lady requires such a task as this performed every day; and I must say, I would advise you to obey her; I wish to Heaven (said he, sighing) I could spin—could not you teach me?" I could not help smiling at the thought; but I told him it was the kindest thing my Lady could do, as constant employment would divert my thoughts. He seemed much pleased to hear

hear it, and went away. I then made up my fire, and spread my supper, which seemed to me the most delicious meal I had ever tasted: indeed I do not know a better receipt to give a relish to a supper, than a breakfast and dinner of bread and water. However, mine had like to have been spoiled; for, in the midst, I heard a noise like the rustling of silks in the gallery, and the dark-cloth curtain moved: down dropped the morsel I was lifting to my mouth, and I sat like one stupefied, with my eyes fixed upon the cloth curtain; at last, I got up softly, took the lamp in my hand, and with a sort of mad courage ran towards and dragged it aside — Lord! Lord! how I laughed! it was only a window stopped up, and I knew at once the noise must have been a gust of wind. Now if I had not done, my supper would have been spoiled. I carefully poked the chicken-bones behind the tapestry, and

went

went to bed quite happy in comparison. I soon fell asleep; but the stirring of a mouse will wake me:—accordingly, I was effectually disturbed by the opening and shutting of the door of the next apartment. I started up, and listened; holding my breath, I heard distinctly a person dragging something heavy across the floor, and at length stop, as it seemed, close to my door. My blood froze—I attempted to cry out, but could not; I heard a short loud wheezing, as of one tired and out of breath; it became louder, and then I knew it to be the gamekeeper, who was troubled with an asthmatic complaint.—I knew what a ferocious fellow he was, and moreover, that he was the only one, except Anthony, who knew the secret of my prison. I could do nothing but snatch my knife and scissars out of my pockets, and arm each hand with them: however, there was no occasion, for the person, whoever he was, having made

made a dead stop for a moment (I suppose at hearing me move), went off without his load, carefully drawing-to the door after him. However, I got no more comfortable sleep that night; I fancied there was a dead body in the next room—I even thought it might be poor Anthony: then twenty stories I had heard of this Grimbold rushed into my mind; amongst the rest, of his having been concerned in furnishing a doctor, at Stevenage, with a dead body, for him to make a skeleton of—whether it is true or not, I cannot tell; but I know the mob would have torn him to pieces, if Sir Rowland had not taken his part. In the morning, Grimbold brought me my breakfast of bread and water. I could not help looking at him very inquisitively—Good God! how I shuddered when I saw the wrist of his shirt covered with blood!—A very fierce look which he gave, made me cast down my eyes; I then saw his stockings

stockings spotted with blood; mine quite froze—and he departed. That dismal day passed without seeing Anthony. At seven o'clock Grimbold came for my work—I did not once look at him. When he was gone, my spirits forsook me; I thought of nothing but the dead corpse, which was, I was sure, in the next room. I was full of dismal fears, when I heard Anthony's well-known voice under the window at the side of the bed; I flew to it, and discovered him beneath, holding up a lanthorn, and singing distinctly these words,

"Out of the window fling a rope,
"And, Jenny, cheer your heart with hope."

I had no rope; but swift as lightning I cut down two thick strips from the crimson curtains, tied them together, and threw them out of the window, which had been forgotten to be fastened up; indeed it was too small a casement for me to get out of. I presently

sently drew up a small basket, which contained something for supper, and a scrap of paper, on which was written these words :— "I find your keepers are to take their turns to watch you; this plan I was not informed of till to-day.—Deborah, who directs every thing, is the cunningest of all serpents!—It will be my turn to-morrow; in the mean time keep up your spirits, and depend upon the prudence of your faithful Anthony."

I flew to the window again: he was gone. I could not help saying aloud, Good, good fellow, as discreet as kind! I was quite another thing; I piled together the relics of my fire, and made a blaze, and a good supper, but not quite so comfortable a one as the night before, for the heavy load in the next room hung a dead weight on my heart. That night I did not go to sleep until I had heard the gamekeeper come up, and drag away his load; so my

fears

fears were relieved, and my suspicions confirmed, for I verily believed it was a dead body out of the church-yard. I fell asleep ruminating. Next day, nothing remarkable happened, till, about two o'clock in the afternoon, I thought I heard the gallery door softly open and shut, and a step softly advancing, together with that sort of rustling sound which a silk gown makes. I had left my spinning for a few minutes, to walk up and down the room, for my feet were quite numbed with standing—I stopped to listen, and I thought the person stopped too, near my door: at last I went and put my eye to the key-hole, and, to my astonishment, met another great eye staring at mine, from the outside. I started back, and was quite frightened, for I knew it to be Mistress Deborah's.—A thought popped into my head: "O heavens! I cried, and is this a ghost?" and pretending to be dreadfully frightened, all of a sudden

I popped

I popped a straw I had picked up through the key-hole, and immediately I heard a violently angry shake of her silk gown; and away went Madam Deborah, stump stump, all down the gallery, quite forgetting to creep back as she had come. At seven o'clock, Anthony arrived: as soon as he entered the room, I saw an unusual sadness on his face. When he had fastened the door, he came and threw himself down on a chair by me: "Oh! Jenny," cried he, "I know why you are used so ill. Dunlop returned, burning with concealed rage and disappointment; hardly could he forbear betraying how he had been provoked at not meeting you in the waggon; for the dog had watched about the park-pales till three in the morning, had been shot at by Grimbold, for a poacher, and narrowly escaped with his life: however, now he finds you are in the house, he is delighted. The plan is, by

all this severity, to induce you to become his wife: and so much as you are in their power, I have every thing to dread; for Deborah, for some cause or other, is more violent than ever against you to-day (ah, think's I, my foolish trick!): for when you are married to Dunlop, he is to carry you away to a farm, in Derbyshire, which my Lady has promised him; and then a Parson, a cousin of Deborah's, is to come in his place: so she is quite mad to get all this over.—"Oh! take me away with you," cried I, take me away, I can never stay another night here." "Alas! dearest Jenny," you do not know what you ask. Dunlop is as sly as Satan, and do you think he will tamely give up such a prize as you will be to him? I will see what is to be done with Grimbold—every moment is precious—the wretch is in the house; and to-morrow I shall not see you." "Oh! do not talk of Grimbold," said I; "and then I told him

all

all that had passed in my mind concerning HIM: Anthony listened attentively, and whilst I was speaking, drew a little hammer out of his pocket, and began pulling some nails out of a closet door, by the side of the fire-place. When I had done, he said, " A thought strikes me; what you say of Grimbold, confirms suspicions I have long harboured, that he is a game-stealer, as well as a gamekeeper. You have often heard me talk of the light seen at the windows of the round tower: I once had the curiosity to watch all night; I saw a man, with a torch in his hand, go in at the turret door; I was sure, by the step and figure, it was Grimbold. I then certainly did see the light in the window, as he mounted the stair-case; afterwards he came out without the light, and half an hour afterwards returned, carrying a heavy sack on his shoulders, and slowly and cautiously creeping along. The cunning fellow having once

given the alarm of a ghost, knew he should not be pursued, even if he was seen after. I have imagined a plan for your escape, founded on those circumstances, and will put it into execution before to-morrow morning: in the mean time, employ yourself with drawing the nails out of this door (which had been fastened up, because the back had been taken away, to make the closet in the next room larger); and dress yourself in another suit of clothes—then endeavour to go to sleep: at one o'clock in the morning you will be awakened by a noise; but do not be frightened, it will be me at your door." I pressed him to tell me his plan, but not a word more could I get out of him; so he left me, and I directly set about what he desired. Punctual to his word, Anthony came to my door. I started up, and let him in—he was followed by Grimbold. "Mistress Jenny," said Anthony, on entering, "here are three

pieces

pieces of gold your Aunt gave me to send you—would you think them too much to give any body who should help to deliver you from your confinement?" "Oh! no," crid I; "on the contrary, I should think myself bound to do much for them when I was at liberty."—"I told you," said he, turning to Grimbold, "Mrs. Jane was of a very generous disposition, and this money shall be yours." The man answered nothing, but nodded his head, as was his custom, and went out, but returned immediately, dragging in a dead doe, for which having received the three pieces of gold, he departed. We then dressed the poor carcase, still dropping with blood, in my suit of clothes, having cast it on the floor, concealed the feet, and covered the head with my black hood, and placed an open razor by its side—it looked, at first sight, exactly like a poor wretch that had murdered herself. As I gazed on the miserable

spectacle, I thanked Heaven I was preserved from being such a one; on the contrary, I hoped to be the better for my troubles as long as I lived. Anthony interrupted my thoughts, by desiring I would let him nail me up in the closet, and, as he briefly explained his reasons and design, I consented; though, to be sure, nobody could feel more desolate than I did, when, having knocked in the last nail, Anthony whispered a kind of farewell through the crevice, and left me with no creature living or dead near, but the poor murdured doe. However, in the morning, I had some reward for the uncomfortable hours I had passed; for who, of all others, should resolve to come and pay me a visit, but Mrs. Deborah herself? She was so incensed at my behaviour, that she was resolved to come and see what threats and scoldings would do. My Lady too, and Dunlop, wished her to come, and sound me,

me; for it was thought a girl of my age would submit to any thing rather than bread and water, imprisonment, and hard work; so accordingly she prepared to come to me. In the mean time, Anthony, knowing women are the best to make believe and set forward reports, gave the old fat cook (a known coward and very curious) a hint to watch Deborah's steps that morning—so she had crept up after her.—The moment Deborah opened the door, she was struck with the sight of poor me, as she thought, weltering in my blood; so she made no more ado but uttering the loudest and most horrible shriek I ever heard, took to her heels with all speed, overturning poor cook in her way, and who, as soon as she could scramble up, followed her to the turret stairs, down which they ran, or rather tumbled, over one another. Deborah restrained her tongue from crying murder; but when she got to the bottom (as I have

heard

heard since), fell into fits. One of the servant's boys who was crossing the court, seeing them both come rolling down together, thought they were seized with convulsions, and running into the kitchen, spread the alarm: presently, the court was a scene of uproar and confusion. Anthony, ever vigilant, whipped up stairs, and locked the door of the murderous chamber, lest any of the men should come up and discover the cheat. As soon as Deborah could crawl, she desired to be led to my Lady's apartment; to whom having related the subject of her fright, these two miserable women felt all the torments of fear and remorse. Anthony alone was admitted to their confidence; they loaded him with praises for his caution, and commendations of his fidelity. The earnest manner in which he took upon himself to put in practice every precaution to hush up this unfortunate affair, drew from them fresh encomiums.

encomiums. Master Grimbold, too, was honoured with a confidence; and the proud hauty Lady L—, who scarcely dared to stop on the same ground, condescended to promise, profess, and almost go down on her knees to an old deer-stealer—so truly do "evil deeds bow proud heads." However, he behaved as well as he could, being quite under the command of Anthony, who was now master of HIS secret; nevertheless, the man could hardly help grinning in the two old ladies faces. They were in some doubt, at first, whether they should tell the whole truth to Dunlop: but Lady L—, luckily remembering she had a paper in her possession of his writing, in which he laid down rules for severe treatment of me, she determined to inform him, as this paper would stand very much against him if ever the affair should be discovered; however, he could not be told till evening, as he was gone to spend the day

at

at Hitchin, actually to engage a good-for-nothing priest (who had changed his religion since the last reign) to marry us. All this day my situation was none of the pleasantest—Towards evening, Anthony relieved me from my confinement, and conducted me to the farthest of the tapestry apartments; there I found refreshments and a bed made up on the floor. Anthony, giving me the key to lock him out, desired I would sleep free from fear. When he was gone, being faint more than sleepy, I satisfied my hunger, and threw myself down on the bed, in a state of mind I can hardly describe, and thus fell into a doze, from which I was awakened by a noise at the door, and Anthony's voice. I rose and opened it, and immediately found myself in my Aunt's arms, who embraced me more kindly than she had ever done before, at the same time crying for joy. After the first inquiries were over, I found Anthony had

had confided to my Aunt the supposed secret of my death; and seeing her almost distracted with the news, he had then told her the truth, at which she was as much overjoyed. It was agreed I should go home as soon as ever Anthony could find an opportunity to take me safely; and, in the mean time, to remain concealed in that room, which I could very well, as nobody now ventured to go up the turret stairs but him. The next day, my Lady, Deborah, Dunlop, were a little comforted by being told I was buried, and every thing being removed from the apartment that could lead to suspicion: and it was very lucky, for that day came a horseman to foretell the arrival of my Lady Loftus, a favourite at Court, and a person of the very first consequence in the eyes of Lady L——. All hands were set to work to provide for their entertainment, and the attention a little diverted from the late melancholy event. My Lady Loftus

came

came at the appointed time, attended by some others; amongst whom was her fine daughter, who was to marry the 'Squire. Great lamentations were made at his absence; and my Lady was eager, after dinner, to fly all over the fine house, which was to be her daughter's—The picture-gallery, to be sure, must not be forgotten, where all all Sir Rowland's ancestors were drawn out in battle array. My Lady desired Dunlop and Deborah to follow her, not relishing much to go; nor they either, as it was so near the scene of my despair and their cruelty. Being warned of their intention, I took care to be in my old apartment at the same time with my spinning-wheel, and a hank of yarn, drawing it out with as much noise as ever I could; however, they did not hear me, till they came near the little carved door, when the noise striking them, as if coming from the restless spirit of the poor murdered spinner, the three

were

were all aghast, expecting, I suppose, to see my ghost appear every moment: my Lady looked so pale and so near fainting, indeed, that salts and water were called for, in all haste, which Deborah and Dunlop ran away to fetch, as if Satan had been after them—glad enough to get out of the room. My Lady recovering, motioned to return to the drawing-room: for my part, I was half inclined to accuse myself of the mischief I had occasioned. Anthony, that sly fellow, well foreseeing the consequences, had prepared the servants minds for something of the sort, at dinner; for one of the men giving my health, by the name of "Jenny the Spinner," a name I had got by having been enployed the last three months in spinning thread for a fine piece of table linen, Anthony put on a look of consternation, and sighing deeply, said nothing but, "Alas! poor Jenny! Heaven rest her soul!" and then went out of the

hall: these words and looks set all the maidens gossiping. In the evening, he brings all the men into the picture gallery; the maids, to be sure, followed: and my first trick, accompanied by deep sighs, and two or three hollow groans, succeeded so well, that every son and daughter of Eve left the gallery, planet-struck, as it were, with fear, though they knew not why or wherefore, exactly. Aunt and Uncle were obliged to produce some of their first cordials to recover their turned spirits. Many of them talked of leaving their places that very night, but Aunt and Uncle persuaded them to stay till Sir Rowland's return. Not one had a clear idea of what they were frightened at; but they had put the several circumstances together of Deborah's alarm in the morning, the strange appearance of my Lady, Deborah, and Dunlop. Their known persecution of me, and my diſlike of the latter—my sudden

departure—some hints of foul play—the lights and appearances in the turret, which led to this apartment—above all, my late occupation of spinning, altogether made me connected, in their heads, with the horrors of the last forty-eight hours. The next day they all moved about in parties, not daring to go alone: all mysteriously talked of poor Spinning Jenny, and all had recourse to the butler's and housekeeper's cordials at night, pretending they could not sleep without. My Lady Loftus, who was, and is still the most active person at Court, finding my Lady so very dull, and the Gentlemen out, pretended she had an engagement at Hatfield, and so set off next morning in her gilded coach, promising to return to K—— the next week, when the 'Squire should be come back. I staid at K—— two days longer, during which time the servants had, by degrees, introduced into the gallery all their intimate friends

in K—— and the hamlets round about, where I was always at hand with my spinning-wheel: to them they communicated all their suspicions, under, however, a strict promise of secrecy, which each one religiously kept, until he, or she, arrived at her own or her neighbour's fire-side, where the story of poor Jenny Spinner was retailed, with considerable additions, round the hearth of every cottage in the nighbourhood. My Lady proposing that Anthony should go to meet Sir Rowland, in order to prepare him to disbelieve any reports that might reach him with respect to Jenny Spinner; it was resolved that I should go with him, as Sir Rowland was then visiting about six miles beyond my village: this determination somewhat afflicted me, and so, thought I, this is the end of my story!—I must return to poverty and obscurity, and Anthony remain in servitude—so my enemies have got their ends at last.—Oh, Jenny! thou

hadst

hadst better have staid for ever in thy poor cottage, with thy good mother, and never have known what grandeur was. I even dreaded being obliged to give up wearing my fine clothes ever again. Well, but the way I was to escape was not quite so easy to contrive: Anthony proposed my putting on a new suit just brought home for one of the stable-boys; and my Aunt even seemed to think it a good scheme. But I said, "Anthony, you do not know what you are saying; could you ever look upon me again, if I was to do such a thing?—Should I ever be fit to be the wife of an honest man, after committing an offence against decency, which nothing could excuse but fear of my life? No, please God, I will go away as I came, an honest maiden, in my old linsey-woolsey." Anthony has since told me, he liked me better when I said this than ever he did before. Well, at last I will tell you how I got clear off:—The afternoon,

at dusk, I descended the turret stairs, dressed just as I was the day I left the house, but holding before me a pewter plate filled with salt and spirits of wine, and set on fire, which lighted my whole figure, and made my face look green, blue, and yellow, exactly like a corpse. I concealed the edges of the plate with my cloak, so no one could see where the light came from. Thus equipped, as I said before, I came down into the great court, passed through the colonade, and round into the great hall: and in the music-gallery who should be but Dunlop himself, Deborah, and a house-maid?—All stood like statues, horror-struck:—the house-maid, indeed, before I got away, squalled out and fainted, whilst Dunlop sunk down upon his knees half dead. I passed on, crossed the court again, and went strait to the garden, flying down the broad walk, for fear of pursuit, like a lapwing.—At the great

gates

gates I found Anthony, who placed me behind him, on a horse; and we got away without molestation, and arrived safe home: but, good Sirs, what a thunderbolt! who should we find there but Sir Rowland himself in our cottage, and mother looking out of her wits for joy! Our consternation was unspeakable; for now, thought we, the murder will be out at K——, our secret discovered, our enemies triumph, and our friends be ruined. Well, you will never guess what strange unexpected turn of fortune prevented all this, and made us happy for ever;—you never will; so I must tell you. Sir Rowland owned me for his own daughter: my supposed mother was my own mother's waiting-woman; and my own mother, who died when I was born, was a young gentlewoman, who had believed herself Sir Rowland's lawful wife, whilst he was married to another. My mother (as I always shall call her) owned that she loved me so much, that she could never

never bear to part with me; and therefore she never made me known to my father, for fear he should take me from her: but having a bad illness two years ago, which left her very weak, she thought she would try and provide for me before her death; and finding I grew so much in favour with Lady L——, she took it into her head to send her an account of who I was, for she bore a grudge against Sir Rowland, on account of her dear dead lady: so my Lady L—— had a good reason for setting her face against the 'Squire's liking to me, seeing he was my brother. At the same time she hid from Sir Rowland that I was his daughter, for the lucre of gain; fearing, I suppose, that he would give me a fortune. A very strange chance brought him to my mother's cottage. Well, I told Sir Rowland, who seemed to look upon me quite as his daughter, that he could only make me happy, by giving

me

me to Anthony, whom I had so much reason to love. He joyfully consented, for Anthony is an orphan of good parentage, was always a favourite; and Sir Rowland has a kind heart, without a grain of pride, and did not leave my mother's cottage without giving a fortune to his daughter, and both to Sir Anthony Crofts, for whom he provided with a commission in the army—and who was a gentleman of nature's own making, and became his honours as much as his honours became him. A few years after, my dear Anthony was knighted in the field; and dame Jane, Lady Crofts, and the gallant Sir Anthony, soon after, my Ladyship in my gilded coach, with two little masters, heirs to the title and estates, and Sir Anthony on a prancing charger, drew up in state before the very great gates through which, a poor serving man and maid, we had, a few years before, fled in the darkness of the night, in fear of discovery

discovery and pursuit, and without friends or money; and were attended by Deborah and Dunlop (since married) with all obsequious respect. So here ends my story, dear Dorothy Hungerford; from which this lesson may be learnt, namely, "not to be overcome of evil, but to overcome evil with good:" for the very things we call misfortunes, will, if we conduct ourselves virtuously and with trust in God, always turn out to our improvement, and often our future prosperity likewise.

When Sir Rowland returned home, he found my poor old Lady paying dear for her faults; for Deborah, thinking herself more out of the scrape than either she or Dunlop, became very insolent, and was always getting some present or other out of her. Sir Rowland said not a word about me, but treated Mr. Dunlop rather coolly, which induced him to make an offer to

Deborah

Deborah (who had scraped together a good deal of money), and she gladly accepted him.—When they were married, Sir Rowland (first requiring a strict promise of secrecy) set his poor Lady's heart at ease, by telling her what was become of me; and took both her and the young 'Squire away, to spend the next summer at another fine seat, where he was married to Mistress Arabella Loftus.—There, soon after, my old Lady died. I had the comfort to see and attend upon her in her last illness. Sir Rowland, being a quiet man, never suffered the secret of "Jenny Spinner" to escape, as it kept Deborah and Dunlop (who lived in the great house) in order, and punished them for their ill humours.

Aunt and Uncle, and my Foster-mother, were made as happy as their hearts could wish; and my brother was always a true brother in kindness, though I was not openly acknowledged as his sister.

As

As for poor Grimbold, Sir Anthony faithfully kept his secret until the man's death, which happened a few years after, for he considered it a point of honour not to betray him; but both in compassion to his morals, and justice to Sir Rowland, he made him a present of money every year, equal to what he had got by his thefts.

All the rest of my story is as well known to you as myself. After reading this, you will, I am sure, both visit K——, and look on my Sir Anthony with more pleasure than ever you did before. Wishing you may meet with just such another good man, I rest, dear Mistress Dorothy Hungerford, your friend till death,

JANE CROFTS.

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